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SHINING TIME STATION
Show 15--First Draft
Ellis Weiner

FADE IN

1 MAIN SET--MATT and TANYA are downstage, looking at a large atlas. STACY is doing paperwork in the ticket booth.

SFX: TRAIN AT PLATFORM ABOUT TO PULL OUT (WHISTLE, ETC.)

CONDUCTOR (O.S.)
All aboard!

HARRY (O.S.)
You take care, now, you hear?

SFX: TRAIN PULLS OUT

ANGLE ON ARCH--HARRY enters with wrapped package

HARRY
Anybody know what this is? It says, "To all my friends at Shining Time Station."

TANYA
Let's open it!

As the KIDS unwrap it, STACY joins them, under--

HARRY
Feels heavy. Like a lot of bottles.

MATT
(holds up jar and letter)
What's this?

STACY
(takes letter; reads)
"My Dear Friends: Enclosed is a free sample of my new sandwich spread. I will be marketing it soon to elegant gourmet-types from coast to coast. The recipe is from my mother, but the quality is all mine. Enjoy! Your pal--"
(she starts to laugh)
"--Schemer"!

more believable if not sent

SFX: PHONE RINGS

STACY, still laughing, goes to answer, under--

TANYA
I didn't know Schemer could cook.

weimer/315 show 15/first draft/2

HARRY

We haven't tried it yet. Maybe he
can't.

ANGLE ON STACY--SHE answers phone, still laughing

STACY

Shining Time Station...
(quickly sobers up)
Sir...? If you'd...please, sir, if you
could just stop shouting--Who? No,
Mr. Schemer isn't here right now...
Well, I really couldn't say--

ANGLE ON SET--SCHEMER enters, worried. STACY catches his
eye and motions it's-for-you toward phone. SCHEMER
immediately starts writhing as though electrocuted, waving
to signal no, he's not here, take a message, etc.

STACY (CONT'D)

Who should I say called? The Mayor of
East Shemp?

SCHEMER makes a squawking noise of fear.

STACY (CONT'D)

--"and the package never arrived." Yes,
Mr. Mayor, I'll tell him...you're welc--
(flinches at hangup; to others)
He hung up. He was really upset!

SCHEMER

I'm dead. I'm completely dead. I am
totally dead for the rest of my life.

*better word
the dead*

MATT

What happened?

SCHEMER

I was supposed to send a complimentary
box of my new sandwich spread to the
Mayor of East Shemp for the Ladies'
Auxiliary Luncheon. But I, uh, I sent
it to the wrong city by mistake.

MATT

Where'd you send it? To West Shemp?

SCHEMER

Well...to--
(mumbles something unintelligible)

TANYA

Where?

WEINER/SIS SHOW 15/FIRST DRAFT/5

SCHEMER

Caracas, Venezuela! Look, my mind was on something else. Never mind, the point is, my career is finished!

fictional name instead

STACY

Schemer--

SCHEMER

I've crossed up the Mayor of East Shemp!

STACY

Schemer, it isn't a problem.
(off his wild look)
We can send the Mayor our box. We'll just keep one jar for ourselves.

send it on the express train

SCHEMER

(falls to his knees at her feet)
That's brilliant! I'm saved!
(leaps up, in control)
All right. Miss Jones. Harry. The workshop. We need a complete re-wrap.

STACY

That's not very efficient, Schemer.
Look, I'll wrap the package, and Harry can do his work.

*explain
you don't need
5 people to
wrap a package
let's divide up the
jobs that need to
be done*

SCHEMER

Some things are more important than efficiency, Miss Jones. And this sandwich spread is one of them. Matt, you field phone calls. Tell everybody I'm not in. Tanya, you run the station until we're done. Okay, let's roll.
(starts to herd adults into workshop)
Wait a minute. How old are you...?

TANYA

Seven.

SCHEMER

Oh. I thought you were ^{at least} eight. Well, try to use good judgment.

J ?

SCHEMER, STACY, and HARRY exit. MR. C appears at Info Desk

MR C

He's rather excitable, isn't he?

MATT

He gets so crazy sometimes. And then something usually gets messed up.

MR C

That's the way it is with people who are
full of themselves. In fact, it happened
to Gordon only last week...

*explain
thinking about
themselves
all the time*

HE BLOWS WHISTLE

DISSOLVE TO

2 THOMAS EPISODE #24--"OFF THE RAILS"

DISSOLVE TO

3 MAIN SET--KIDS and MR C at Info Booth

TANYA

Does that mean Gordon won't ever be
snooty again?

MR C

Well, not for a while, at least.

SCHEMER (O.S.)

Shake a leg, Miss Jones. The train'll
be here any minute!

MR C

Whoops! See you later, Tanya, Matt/
He comes, I go, and that is that!

HE disappears. STACY (with bread and knife), SCHEMER,
HARRY (with newly-wrapped package) emerge from workshop

STACY

Don't worry, Schemer. The local won't
be here for ten minutes.

SCHEMER

The local? This baby goes on the
express!

HARRY

"This baby"ll get there soon enough on
the local. Why do you have to be so
agitated all the time, anyway?

SCHEMER

Because I'm an intense guy, Harry. I
live life to the fullest. That's why I'm
marketing the sandwich spread--to help
people eat lunch to the fullest! Say--
did I tell you the name of the product?

weiner/sis show 15/first draft/3

TANYA

Wait! Let me try and guess it!
(off Schemer's amused go-ahead gesture)
Um...Schemer's...Delicious...Delight.

ANGLE ON SCHEMER--HIS smug look turns instantly to shock.

SCHEMER

How did you know? Have you been talking
to my mother?...Anyway, I have a better
name. This one can't miss. Ready?
(dramatic pause; then--)
Scheme-Whip.

PAUSE. ALL look unimpressed. Then, SFX: TRAIN WHISTLE

SCHEMER

Scheme-Whip! Get it?
(grabs package from Harry)
I feel sorry for you people.

HE takes package through arch to platform

STACY

Wait! Did we save a jar for us?

MATT

(holds jar up at Info Booth)
Here's one.

STACY

Whew! Well, let's try it!

SHE opens and spreads it on slices, distributes, under--

STACY (CONTD)

This isn't very efficient either--I
should be working, instead of fooling
around with Scheme Whip--but who knows?
It might be the tastiest, zingiest, most
wonderful spread in the world!

ALL take simultaneous big dramatic bites--and all
immediately recoil, spit it out, make faces, etc.

ALL

BLEAAHH! (etc)

SCHEMER jauntily returns from platform. All turn to him

SCHEMER

What happened! You all look like you
just experienced a major, horrible
catastrophe!

HARRY

We did. It's called Scheme-Whip.

SCHEMER fears the worst for an instant, then smiles

SCHEMER

Get out of here, Harry, you great big wonderful kidder, you. The stuff is fantastic, isn't it?

TANYA

Did you taste it yet?

SCHEMER

(mimicking her)

No, I didn't taste-it-yet.

(to Stacy, adult to adult)

A chef doesn't need to taste his creations. He just does.

STACY

Sometimes, after he does, he tastes.

SCHEMER cockily waves OK, spreads some on bread, tastes

CLOSEUP--SCHEMER tries bravely to look as though he's enjoying it, but he's as repelled as everyone else.

RESUME--SCHEMER gently puts his slice down and edges away.

SCHEMER

Mmm. Interesting.

STACY

Schemer, what's in this, anyway?

SCHEMER

(takes paper out of pocket)

It's my mother's fault! She wrote the recipe!

(reads from list)

"Mayonnaise...yogurt...garlic salt... lemon juice...white pepper...shaving cream--"

HARRY

What?

SCHEMER

(points to list)

Right here--"s. cream". Oh no! You're right! I used lime-scented! It should have been the regular kind!

STACY

Schemer, I think when your mother wrote
"s. cream," she meant sour cream.

ANGLE ON SCHEMER--He does a longish take. Then--

SCHEMER

Not shaving cream?
(Stacy shakes her head)
Okay, I can live with that...
(to Harry)
But shaving cream is made with cream,
right?
(Harry shakes his head)
Okay, I can live with that...
(nods; panic builds; then--)
I'm dead! I am totally dead!

HE runs from station out front. A moment of silence

HARRY

(crossing to workshop)
That's enough of this foolishness. I
got work to do.

MR C appears on Info Desk. HE and HARRY trade a silent
wave as Harry walks past.

MR C.

Poor Schemer. He does try hard, though.

STACY

Oh, hi, Mr. Conductor. Want to taste
his latest creation?

MR C

If that's what everyone was shouting
about, I think I'll pass, thanks.

STACY

(heads toward platform arch)
Smart choice.

SHE exits. KIDS gather around Mr. C.

MATT

Everything Schemer does falls apart.

MR C

Not really. Oh, he's careless, yes--but
do you want to see what it looks like
when things really fall apart? Watch...

HE EXTENDS MAGIC BUBBLE

choose new
word
so yuck and
make a face
like this

DISSOLVE TO

4 ANIMATION: "DANCE OF THE TUMBLERS"

DISSOLVE TO

5 EXT. OF JUKE BOX--ESTABLISH

CUT TO

INT. JUKE BOX--THE PUPPETS take five

GRACE

Can you believe Schemer? Putting
shaving cream in a sandwich spread?

TITO

I don't know, man. It sort of makes
sense to me. I mean, every time I use
that lime shaving cream, it smells so
good, I want to eat it.

be
careful of
potential
modeling effect

GRACE

Yeah, but you don't, do you?

TITO

Not most of the time, no.

DIDI

Schemer should use an electric shaver.
Then he wouldn't have this problem.

REX

Didi, that's just so plumb loco, it
almost makes sense.

TEX

Almost but not quite, Rex.

REX

You said it, Tex.

DIDI

You guys give me a pain.

CUT TO

6 INT. HARRY'S WORKSHOP--HARRY is tinkering as MATT and
TANYA enter. Immediately, without looking up--

HARRY

I don't want to hear anything about
Schemer or his sandwich spread. Wasted
enough time on that man already. *Today*

weiner/515 show 15/first draft/9

TANYA

Then how come you helped him wrap up his jars for the train?

HARRY

Stacy did that. All I did was hold my finger down when she tied the string.

MATT

(re wire and paper on table)
Harry? Can we play with these?

HARRY

Help yourself. 'Course, I didn't really mind helping Schemer out.

TANYA

Uh-huh.

THE KIDS start assembling figures from the wire and paper.
HARRY idly starts to do so, too, as he talks.

HARRY

I mean, he is not a serious man. I know that.

MATT

He's pretty silly.

HARRY

Mm-hm.

(beat)

Still, when somebody needs help, and you know you can help 'em, something in you just naturally volunteers to do it. At least, it's been that way in all the best people I've known.

TANYA

People who work on the railroad?

HARRY

Everybody.

(beat)

But especially people who work on the railroad. Did I ever tell you about Jimmy Anderson? Nice kid--one of my firemen when I was running freight for the B&O out of Baltimore.

ANGLE ON HARRY--HE settles in and remembers.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Well, one night we pull into Albany, New York--and it's late. I mean we were the last train for the night. There's one man in the station, one more in the switching yard, and they both can't wait to get home.

(beat)

Then the phone rings.

(beat)

It's Jimmy's wife. What happened was, their little boy was walking in his sleep, and he fell down a big flight of steps. Knocked out cold. She's calling from the hospital.

*fictitious
name*

]

?

MATT

Was he okay?

HARRY

(motions for patience)

Well, sir, Jimmy looks white as steam. "Harry," he says, "I gotta get back there." Now normally that's a ten hour run--express. But I said, okay, take it easy, we'll turn her around and go. If we can get clearance--I mean, you can't just borrow an engine. Yard man says, don't worry about it. Take her.

(beat)

Then the station man says we can't use the express track, 'cause there's still some trains running on 'em. I say, why not send her down the local? He says, "It's worth a try." And he sits at that telegraph and starts tapping out messages down the whole line: Clear the tracks, set the points, open her up straight through. Now do you appreciate what this means? It means that every station man from Albany to Baltimore has to stay late, clear his southbound line, and wait for us until we pass through, before he can restore everything the way it should be, lock up, and go home. And they all did--except the guy at Elkton.

fictitious name

*don't
assume
male*

TANYA

What happened?

HARRY

Troudy

Turns out he had gone home already. So Earl McElroy, who had the next station up the line, wires back: I'll take care of it. Earl set his points, jumped in his car, drove to the next station, and set those. Then he waited there until we went through, closed down that one, drove back to his, and closed it down.

*change to female?
Troudy >*

*has real name was
Gestude but
liked people to
call her
Troudy*

(pause)
We made the run in seven hours twenty-three minutes. Got in trouble with the boss for it too, the next day. But Jimmy was there in his boy's room when he woke up in the hospital the next morning. His son had a broken arm, and his neck in a brace, but he recovered fine.

(pause)
Those men really pulled together and helped him out when he needed it.

TANYA

So did you, Grandpa! You drove the train!

HARRY

(modest gesture)
Well...Now scat, I got work to do.

CUT TO

7 MAIN SET--It's empty. Then SCHEMER enters from street, in disguise. He looks around, hears STACY entering from platform, and assumes his "character." SHE sees him, smiles politely, and goes to Ticket Booth to do paperwork. HE skulks idly around for a second, then hears KIDS leaving Harry's workshop. KIDS enter and go up to him.

MATT

Oh, hi, Schemer.

TANYA

Are you going to a costume party?

SCHEMER

Uh...no. I just...never mind...

ANGLE ON SET--MAYOR of East Shemp (tacky suit, paper bag; has a bluff manner--and mad) comes in from platform, goes up to Stacy in booth.

STACY

Good morning, can I--

MAYOR

The name is Osgood "Bob" Flopdinger. I'm mayor of East Shemp. I'm looking for a man named Schemer. Never saw him before, but I know his voice. You seen him?

*They call me
Quiet
Honest Bob.*

SCHEMER starts in panic, quickly skulks into the Lost and Found, tries to hide.

STACY

Um...I saw him yesterday...

MAYOR

Yesterday won't do it. Today's today. Never mind. Point is, this.

*Needs to
acknowledge phone
call with him*

HE takes jar of spread out of bag, slams it down on booth. Stacy looks at it, puzzled.

STACY

You're not supposed to have this yet. The local doesn't get to East Shemp for another two hours.

MAYOR

Stop blithering, madam. Schemer sent me this two days ago by overnight express.

*sounds
serious*

STACY

Really? Gee, that was clever of him--

MAYOR

Collect. I just got around to tasting it this morning. You tried it yet? (before she can answer, slams hand down) This stuff is not edible by man or beast. My shaving cream tastes better than this!

*WC Field line
not fit
for man nor beast*

STACY

I'll tell Schemer you stopped by.

MAYOR

Thank you very much. And tell him that if this is Scream-Whip, or Scram-Whip, or whatever it's called, then he's in big trouble. Not only with me, but with the entire East Shemp Ladies Auxiliary. And that's not funny. I speak from experience.

*now that I think
of it that's a
very good name*

HE leaves. SCHEMER emerges from Lost and Found and lies flat on his back on the ground

MATT

Hey, Schemer, are you doing exercises?

SCHEMER

You can bury me here and now, Miss Jones. I've had it. I'm finished.

STACY

(going to phone in Ticket Booth)
Not quite, Schemer. What's your mother's number?

SCHEMER

555-3387. Why?
(suddenly panics)
Don't tell her! Drop that phone!

STACY

(into phone)
Mrs. Schemer? Stacy Jones, at Shining Time Station. Your son asked me to call to check on your recipe for the sandwich spread...well, he had a question or two. Is "s cream" sour cream?...Yes, it is obvious. He thought maybe it was shaving cream...And what else?...Uh-huh...fine. Thank you, Mrs. Schemer. Bye.
(hangs up)
Okay, kids. Let's get to work.

SCHEMER

You told her! I can't believe you told her! This is the worst day of my life.

STACY

Let's see, we'll need a bowl...

SHE takes from booth a big carton, opens it--

INSERT SFX: Fast babble of auctioneer, unintelligible.

STACY (CONT'D)

(slams it shut)
Sorry. Wrong box. We'll have to buy one. Matt, Tanya--come on. We've got some shopping to do.

SCHEMER

But...what about me?

STACY

Just try ~~and~~ calm down!

SHE and KIDS exit.

yes Mr
does sound
like something
Schemer would
do

Weiner/SIS show 13/first draft/14

SCHEMER

(leaps up)

She's right. What I need is to relax.
I'll take a nap! Quick!

HE lies down on floor again, closes eyes for one second,
then leaps up

SCHEMER (CONT'D)

Forget it. I can't sleep. Maybe some
music. Yeah. That's it.

(goes to juke box; inserts coin, yells
at it)

Play something nice!

CUT TO

8 INT JUKE BOX--THE PUPPETS are poised at instruments

DIDI

What nerve. We always play something
nice.

GRACE

The selection is "Little Black Train."

TITO

Can we do this, like, in a hard bop
groove, you guys?

(beat of silence)

Sometimes you cats are like so square.

REX

Fair and square. That's us.

TEX

Amen, Rex.

REX

Hallelujah, Tex.

DIDI

Just play.

THEY start playing.

INTERCUT PUPPETS WITH:

STACY and KIDS returning from shopping with big paper bag
of groceries. They unpack ingredients and bowl on ledge of
Info Booth. Stacy retrieves from Ticket Booth chef's hats,
which all put on. They start adding ingredients to bowl
while Schemer hovers anxiously. By end of song, mixture is
complete, and we are in--

9 MAIN SET

STACY

There. That should do it.

SCHEMER

Let me taste! Come on!
(she holds out spoon; he tastes)
I'm a genius!

TANYA

Hey! You're not a genius! Stacy is!

STACY

Let's just say your mother's a genius,
Schemer. Meanwhile, we have to put this
in jars. It's messy job--let's do it
out on the platform.

SCHEMER

Wait a minute! We already sent the bad
stuff on ahead!

STACY

Don't worry. We'll put this batch on
the express. It'll get to East Shemp an
hour ahead of the other stuff. You kids
let me know if anyone comes in.

send it
different
jars

SCHEMER

You know, Miss Jones, when I go national
with this, I just might have a place for
you in my organization.

THEY exit to platform. MR C appears on Ticket Booth near
clock.

MATT

Mr. Conductor, how can Schemer make such
a big mistake, and still be like he
always is? He's not sorry or anything.

MR C

He ~~never~~ has made mistakes so often, it is almost
part of who
he is.
Making mistakes is part of who he is.
You only see someone change when they're
not used to making big mistakes. Take
Gordon, for instance. After he fell
into that ditch, he was a different
engine. And a lucky thing for Thomas,
too.

DISSOLVE TO

10 THOMAS EPISODE 25--"DOWN THE MINE"

DISSOLVE TO

11 MAIN SET--MR C leans against clock

MR C
See? Sometimes making a big mistake
quiets you down and makes you think.

TANYA
It doesn't make Schemer think.

MR C
You're right about that, Tanya-piranha.
When he makes a mistake, he gets twice
as loud and thinks half as much.
Anyway, ta-ta for now/I must be gone/
To mow the dishes/And wash the lawn.

*about what
you ~~could have done~~
to ~~keep from~~ making
the same kind of
mistake again*

HE disappears

ANGLE ON MATT AND TANYA--MATT signals "come on," and they
go toward Harry's workshop

ANGLE ON CLOCK--It starts to turn, to connote time passing.
Stops at 5:30. (Too corny? Then FADE OUT and IN to--)

12 ANGLE ON SET--Business as usual: STACY on phone, writing
something down. KIDS playing game on bench in rear. Stacy
hangs up.

STACY
Kids? We're closing.

MATT
We're almost done, Aunt Stacy.

SCHEMER enters frantically from street.

SCHEMER
Quick! He's coming! I'm not here!

MAYOR enters from street. SCHEMER, at a loss for a place
to hide, freezes in the middle of the floor, pretending to
be a mannequin.

MAYOR
Miss Jones? I want you to know that I
received that shipment of Scam-Whip, or
whatever it's called.

STACY
Um...which one?

MAYOR
The one that made our Ladies Auxiliary
chicken salad taste like a mouthful of
heaven, Miss Jones.

SCHEMER starts and utters a noise.

MAYOR (CONTD)

And believe me, with my job, I've had that chicken salad several times in the past. More than several. A million.

SCHEMER

(coming to life)

You mean you liked it?

MAYOR

Who are you?

SCHEMER

I said, did you like it?

MAYOR

I loved it.

SCHEMER

I'm Schemer. It was my recipe, and I'm pretty much responsible for the...item.

STACY AND KIDS

Sche-mer--!

SCHEMER

I mean originally! And then Miss Jones and Matt and Tanya here did some fine tuning. They deserve credit too.

Well actually originally it came from my mother's recipe credit man.

MAYOR

My compliments. And now, good evening, all. East Shemp never sleeps.

HE leaves.

SFX: PHONE rings. STACY answers, under--

SCHEMER

(to Matt and Tanya)

And you two thought I couldn't pull it off. Kids, I want you to learn a lesson from this: in the sandwich spread business, and in life itself, all it takes is guts.

STACY

Schemer? It's for you.

SCHEMER goes to phone. STACY remains nearby.

SCHEMER

Hello?

(panic, terror; disguises voice)

Uh, no, no, you've got the wrong party.

My name is, uh, Skirmer...Skrammer...

Skram--Skramington!

HE hangs up, turns to run from phone--but STACY holds out her hand, stiff-arm style, blocking him.

STACY

Shame on you, Schemer. Hanging up on your mother like that.

SFX: PHONE rings

TANYA

Hey, Schemer! What happened to guts?

SCHEMER

(answering)

Hello?...Why, no, Ma, that wasn't me.

You must have called the wrong number...

Yes...I know...of course I don't eat

shaving cream...I know...yes...well,

but do you really think "stupid" is the right word, Ma?...You do...

HE ad libs being yelled at by his mother as STACY starts to close the station, and we--

FADE OUT